Loren. Yet more quarrelling with occaſion, wilt thou ſhew the whole wealth of thy wit in an inſtant? I pray thee underſtand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellowes, bid them cover the table, ſerve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Clown. For the table ſir, it ſhall be ſerv'd in, for the meat ſir, it ſhall be cover'd, for your comming in to dinner ſir, why let it be as humours and conceits ſhall governe. *Exit. Clown.*

Loren. O deare diſcretion, how his words are ſuted,
The foole hath planted in his memory
An Armie of good words, and I do know
A many fooles that ſtand in better place,
Garniſht like him, that for a trickſie word
Defie the matter: how cheer'ſt thou *Ieſſica*?
And now good ſweet ſay thy opinion,
How doſt thou like the Lord *Baſſanio's* wife?

Ieſ. Paſt all expreſſing, it is very meet
The Lord *Baſſanio* live an upright life:
For having ſuch a bleſſing in his Lady,
He findes the joyes of heaven here on earth,
And if on earth he do not meane it,
In reaſon he ſhould never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods ſhould play ſome heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one: there muſt be ſomething elſe
Paund with the other, for the poore rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Loren. Even ſuch a husband
Haſt thou of me, as ſhe is for a wife.

Ieſſi. Nay, but aske my opinion too of that?

Loren. I will anone, firſt let us go to dinner?

Ieſſi. Nay, let me praiſe you while I have a ſtomack.

Loren. No, pray thee let it ſerve for table talke,
Then how ſo ere thou ſpeakſt, mong other things,
I ſhall diſgeſt it.

Ieſſi. Well, ile ſet you forth. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Anthonio, Baſſanio, and Gratiano.

Duke. What, is *Anthonio* heere?

Anth. Ready,

Anth. Ready, ſo pleaſe your
Duke. I am ſorry for thee, t
A ſtony Adverſary, an inhumane
Uncapable of pitty, voyd, and en
From any dram of mercy.
Anth. I have heard
Your Grace hath tane great pai
His rigorous courſe; but ſince h
And that no lawfull meanes can
Out of his envies reach, I do op
My patience to his fury, and an a
To ſuffer with a quietneſſe of ſp
The very tyranny and rage of h
Duke. Go one and call the Je
Salerio. He is ready at the d
Enter Shyl
Duke. Make roome, and let
Shylocke, the world thinks, and
That thou but lead'ſt this faſhio
To the laſt houre of act, and the
Thou w'lt ſhew thy mercy and
Than is thy ſtrange apparant cru
And where thou now exacts th
Which is a pound of this poore
Thou wilt not onely looſe the
But toucht with humane gentl
Forgive a moytie of the princi
Glauncing an eye of pitty on hi
That have of late ſo hudled on h
Enow to preſſe a royall Mercha
And pluck commiſeration of h
From braſſie boſomes, and roug
From ſtubborne Turkes, and Ta
To Offices of tender curteſie;
We all expect a gentle anſwer
Iew. I have poſſeſt your Gr
And by our holy Sabbaoth hav
To have the due and forfeit of

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